# The Weekly



# Ramsas Chief.

SOL. MILLER, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. }

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF DONIPHAN COUNTY. Our Motto: "Talk for Home, Fight for Home, Patronize Home."

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1881.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1,273.

### VOLUME XXV.—NUMBER 25. }

## Choice Poetry.

### (Press the New York Independent.) GREENWAY COURT.

- A. D. 1748. DT MARWARRY J. PRINCIPLE
- Lord Fairfax sat before the fire, Within his forest-hall, Where antiers wide on every side Hung branching from the wall.
- Around the casements howled the wind. The snew was falling deep. And at his fest, conched in the heat. His stag-bounds lay aslesp.
- They heard a herse's boofs without Above the wintry roar, and with a buy they sprang away. To guard the opening door.
- And if their master had not chid With instant word and frown, They quick had not, with flores The guest, and had him down.
- "Shame! Shame! Prince Charles!" Lord Fairf
- "Off, Berkeley! With such sport o friend, I trow, we welcome so, Who comes to Greenway Court."
- He eyed the stripling, straight and tall: And with a rare and knightly air, He questioned of his name.
- Why, you are but a lad," he said; So for away, this wintry day. From all the sweets of home?
- At Greenway Court I dwell alone A serred and weavy men: With leave to find, for from my kind, Such pleasures as I can.
- "But you, why break away so seen From all bonn-bringing jey, To do the work a man might shirk, While you are such a boy!

sandered as I gazed into her face, while I was forcing myself to calmly utter the words) before death, no matter what they may do after."
"I know it; but I must have money, and there is no other means left me to get it. I must have it now—instantly."

it now—instantly."

And she would have risen again, but I resolutely held her down.

"For what purpose do you wish it?"

"To purchase food, fire, medicine."

"For yourself?"

"Ah' no. Had that been the case, I would never have come hither. I would have laid down in the gutter and died. God knows how willingly.

"Blugly."

"But tell me," she continued, almost flereely, "will you give me some money? I must have it —must have it for yourself, in the name of heaven, for whom would you make such a fearful sacrifice? Is it for one who is very near and dear to

out:
"It is—is—my little sister,"
The words dropped from her tongue as they
might have from that of an angel, and her face
wore as holy a light as if she had been already

star-crowned.
"Then, she is sick?" "She is dying! dying! and I am sitting idly

There's a glowing flosh in the costern sky; The old form wagens go lumbering by. Nor rick nor shock must the good man leave-Refold! to-night is Thankegiving eve. Tis Bour stops at his cottage door, And thus he reckons his goodly store "There is wealth of kernel and wealth of root, And becats fore-quartered, and yellow fruit, "And gold ears created with silken foun, All gathered in for the buryest home." Sweet Buth comes trippling along the street With smile denaire does she Boaz greet:

Well fend ye, Bear, with sand and leam; I see the harvest, but not the home." Twas a simple uniden that spake, for sooth. Ruth looked at Boar; he looked at Euth. "Thunks," cries the parson, with lifted hands-"Thunks for the increase of all our hads. "We give Thee thanks for the corn and oil, Thanks for the fruitage that comes of toil:

"Thanks for the mercies we cannot rame, The ills that went, and the joys that came

About Step

About

And she reached out her hand toward me, as a miser would have done, who heard the dear sound of jingling gold.

"How can I purchase it, when you are still alive?"

"But I will soon be dead, and then—then you can claim it. For the love of heaven, give me a little, just a little money." And the hitherto dry over were flooded with tears.

"Why do you wish to sell it? You cannot hit understand that it is an unheard-of proceeding. Our profession never purchase bodies (how I shorter) myself to calmly utter the words) before death, no matter what they may do after."

"I know it; but must have money, and there is no other means left me to get it. I must have in mother against a free in the rear of a buttery, not more than other's arms, while the cannon were firing rapidly, and their reports were as as loud as "the five thundred of my narative. It

der" itself.

But to resume the thread of my narative. It
was about 2 o'clock when the General awakened,
and he did so suddenly, as if by his own volition, at the expiration of the time he had previously allotted for his nap. He got up carefully, making as little noise as possible, for he
evidently thought I was still askep—an impression on his part which I did not think proper to
correct.

sion on his part which I did not think proper to correct.

Relighting the candle, he began to write at the table, which stood near the foot of the bed, and in a position that enabled me, as he sat by it, to study his handsome profile, to which, by the way, none of his pictures do justice. After being thus engaged for some little time, he turned toward me, and seeing that the light of the candle showe in my face, he softly areas from his seat and brought a book from the opposite side of the tent, which he carefully adjusted on the table between the candle and myself, so as to shield my cyts completely from the light. It was a little thing for him to de, a very little thing, indeed, but at the same time it was sufficient to indicate to me the thoughtful goodness of that great heart of his, which was bold as a lion's, and as gentle as a lamb's.

"Then, she is sick?"

"She is dying! dying! and I am sitting idly here!"

"Why did you not tell me this before!"

"Because I had begged so long in vain. I had no money to pay the dector, and who would go forth on such a night without it!"

My blood holided so that I could not answer. Could there be such men! Alas! reason told me in a moment that her words were lust too true, and I almost cursed my race. Without delay, I gathered my such things as I thought might be of service, wrapped the words were lust too true, and I almost cursed my race. Without delay, I gathered my such things as I thought might be of service, wrapped the delease form in a heavy closek, and, with a few whispered words of comfort, we salled out together into the black night, and merchess storm and cold.

Fortmantely, the distance we had to travel was but a short one. A few blocks passed, and she led me up several flights of dismal, creaking stairs, into a room.

"Florence, is that you!" I heard asked by what convinced me was a pair of childish, almost infantile lips.

"Yes, my darling, lie still for a moment."

"I aim so glad. You have been gone so long—so very long away, and I can so selek, and cold, and hungry, and it was so dark; and I limb to be my several these words, she flow to the other side of the room, and I knew many warm hisses were given and returned.

"My fair guide had been making preparations to obtain a light, but when she learnt these words, she flow to the other side of the room, and I knew many swarm hisses were given and returned.

"Excess me, sir," she said, as she turned and returned.

"Excess me, sir," she said, as she turned and returned.

"Excess me, sir," she said, as she turned and returned.

"Each so the service we are an an associated the start was one for the find the year that be except the said in the site of the character in the second of the content of the c

UNION OF BLUE AND GRAY. BT PAUL B. HATNE.

Especially suggested by the recent visit of Gov. Bigelor

Grim Sumter, like a Titan maimed, Still glooms beyond his shattered keep; But where his holts of lighting flamed. There broads a quiet, mild as sleep; His grantle base, long cleamed of blood, la circled by a golden flood, Type of that peace whose astred away Eafable the Hine, exalts the Gray.

The sea tides faintly rise afar,
And—wings of all the breens furied—
Seem slowly beene o'r besch and bar,
Dream marmurings from a spirit world;
Through throbbing dram and longle trill.
The distant calm seems deeper still—
Deep as that faith whose occilial dew
Hath southed the Gray and charmed the like

The Southern Pulm and Northern Piac No longer clash through leaf und bough; Trampulities of depth benign Have bound their blending folings now. Series they shine in smill most. Or, tranced by closelless star and mosts, Their evand shadow southy play. Above the Blue, across the Gray.

The Blue is marching South once more,
With serried steel and stately treed;
Their martial music peaked before.
Their fac of stars flashed overhead.
Ab! not through storm and stress they of
The thunders of old bute are dumb,
And frank as clear throber's ray.
This necting of the Blue and Gray.
A Phamilt for.

A Phenix from her outworn fires, Her govy asbes, rising free, Pair Charleston, with her stainless spires, Glemas by the silver stranded sea. No hurtling hail our bostile ball liveaks through the trescherous buttle pall. True voices speak from hearts as true, For Strife lies dead 'twixt Gray and Blue.

O'er Ashley's breast the Antumn smiles, All mellowed in der hary fold, Whille the white arms of languelt infea Are girdled by ethereal gold. All nature wholepers. War is o'er, Fierce feuds have fiel our sea and show; Old wrongs fargot, did ties remew, O, heroes of the Gray and Blue!

TALK FOR THE BALL

What Young Ladies Should Say to Their Partners—All Such Conversation as "Are You Going to the Ball, This Evening!"— "No, Not This Evening, but Some Other Evening, Baled Out. The London Queen, of October 22, prints the The bound of verse, of October 22, prints the following:

Those eldetly maiden ladies who shake their heads over what they term the vapid and eilly conversation heard in the ball room, should endeavor to recall the days of their youth, and to recollect whether the active exercise of dancing was conducive to anything but the most desultory of observations, disjointed sentences, questions and answers. A young lady, when asked to dance, now seldom replies with, "I shall be very happy." This phrase has disappeared in company with "May I have the pleasure?" But she says very practically, according as to whether the applicant is in favor or not, "Certainly; I am not engaged for this dance," or "I am afraid I have not one to spare, except number fourteen, a quadrille," or "I will give you a donce, if you will come for it a little later; I am engaged for the next three dances." To the question of "Are you engaged for this dance;" some foolish maidens reply that they do not think they are engaged, at the same time being theroughly aware that they are not, and the young men, also, are aware that the unidens are finessing, and averse to making the direct admission that they are in want of partners.

A young lady with tact and aphomb escapes from this diemma by replying with great realiness to this question, "I am very glad to say that I am net," which rejoinder is flattering to the young geatleman, giving him the impression that they young lady which have been engaged for this dance, had she so pleased, but that she greatly preferred waiting for the chance of his asking her to dance; she may ar may not have been actuated by this hope, but by some expression of pleasure at not being engaged for the dance which is at the moment asked for, she puts her partner on good terms with hereeff and himself.

When men well over thirty are among the energetic waitners, they endeaver to talk down to ollowing: Those elderly maiden ladies who shake their

This morning, an old, gray-headed drunkard, who for rears his hunded the cells, spring sublents as he arre-beard the pelice talking of the death of Garfield. "Is Jim dead?" he asked, "it by, I knowed Jim. Him and ne went to school together, and used to fight and learn to spell at the anims school. Dee Jim." The tears flowed down the checks of the misocrable wright, who started in life with the same chance as he whose death night each of ploon over a whole planet. He assened when I appear as the property of the property o

I'm the same age or Garfield war, And I went to rehead with him. And here I be in No. I. While authors is nourrain Jim. I know him better I know you; He lived next farm to us. But he was good as the wheat, and I Wat allow a worthless case.

Why, I can remouslest dim.
When he driv an Erie more.
And I would stand on the bonk and say,
Wall, you to a thunderin fad?
Bat on he far like a meadow lash,
A whiethn a Methodist hymn;
And here I is in No. 1,
While utilians is mearnin' Jise.

I went down, and he went np;
If a queer, when I come to think;
But he would never go on a which.
And he never hearned to drink.
I tell you shat, there must have been
A bleef send in Jin;
And here I be in No. I,
While millions is neutrain him.

Why, blame it, I remember Jim In rage and such, when I Was decosed like any dry goods clerk, And reclimed protty dy. I had a chance to clask the hill, food never gave to Jim; Yet here I am in No. 1, White milliogs in mournin him.

Why didn't they go to work and shoet

A worthlose case like me?

But he, poor chips, was it for die.

Which limit my case, if ye see f
i wich that I was drawf and game,
there is more along of dies;
but heter I man in No. 1,

While millions is programs him.

A GUITEAU CASE IN 1835.

Or is there a Wonderful Coincidence !

Lawrence's Defense Did Guiteau Follow it?

Or is there a Wonderful Celacidence?

Soon after the shooting of Garfield, many papers mentioned Lawrence's attack on Pressdent Jackson. Scarce any attention, however, has been bestowed on the trial of Lawrence afterward, in which the jury pronounced him insane. The report published at the time is exceedingly rare. The writer has, however, lately very carefully examined a copy. The similarities between Lawrence's case and the defense foreshadowed for Guiteeu are surely very remarkable. They will raise the questions: Is there a very surprising coincidence, as that the Lawrence case may be cited as a precedent for disposing of Guiteeu's, on the lawyer's principle that like cases should be decided in the same way? Or may we suspect that Guiteau, who has been a bookworm, studied the Lawrence case, and fashioned his own behavior and language to correspond with it? Or is there such a thing as imitative insanity? May a weak headed man, by reading a case of derangement, be rendered insanc in a like way?

Lawrence's attack on President Jackson occurred on January 39, 1835. A representative from South Carolina, W. R. Davis, had just previously died; his obsequies were held at the Capitol, and the President and heads of departments attended. The President walked side by side with Secretary Woodbury in the procession, and as it was passing through the rotunda, Lawrence, who had been in waiting, stepped from the crowd, approached quite close to the President, and aimed a pistol at him and pulled the trigger. The cap missed fire. As he was drawing a second pistol he was secured by Secretary Woodbury, and others. Political motives were at first supposed to have prompted the act. Lawrence was however, not brought to trial until April following. In the pamphlet report published at the time, he was described as a man of 5 feet 7 inches in height, of slight babib, genteel figure, and intelligent countenance, though having a certain wild expression of the eyes, which attracted attention.